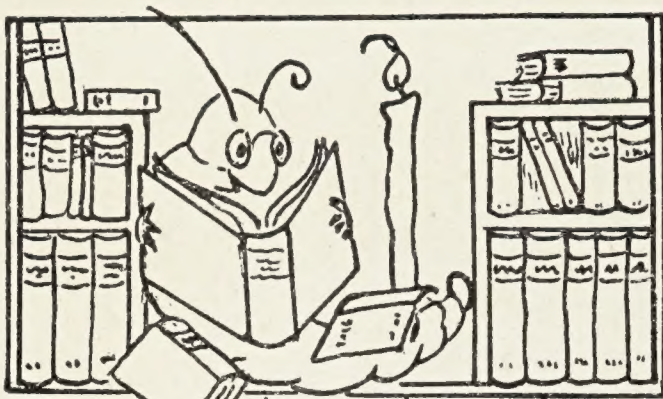


Songs  
of a  
Sour-  
dough

Robert W  
Service





Ex Libris  
Mary E. Black

RB 289,194



*Presented to the*  
LIBRARIES *of the*  
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
*by*

**Garrett Herman**

1398

8/12.00

75-

Mary. with love and  
best wishes,

Violet.

Sept. 18, 1919.











# Songs of a Sourdough

BY  
ROBERT W. SERVICE




FORTY-SECOND EDITION

Toronto  
William Briggs  
1918

Copyright, Canada, 1907,  
by  
ROBERT W. SERVICE



TO  
C. M.



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2019 with funding from  
University of Toronto



*The lonely sunsets flare forlorn  
Down valleys dreadly desolate;  
The lordly mountains soar in scorn,  
As still as death, as stern as fate.*

*The lonely sunsets flame and die;  
The giant valleys gulp the night;  
The monster mountains scrape the sky,  
Where eager stars are diamond-bright.*

*So gaunt against the gibbous moon,  
Piercing the silence velvet-piled,  
A lone wolf howls his ancient rune,  
The fell arch-spirit of the Wild.*

*O outcast land! O leper land!  
Let the lone wolf-cry all express—  
The hate insensate of thy hand,  
Thy heart's abysmal loneliness.*





## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
THE LAW OF THE YUKON - - - - -	13
This is the law of the Yukon.	
THE PARSON'S SON - - - - -	19
This is the song of the parson's son.	
THE SPELL OF THE YUKON - - - - -	23
I wanted the gold, and I sought it.	
THE CALL OF THE WILD - - - - -	27
Have you gazed on naked grandeur?	
THE LONE TRAIL - - - - -	30
Ye who know the Lone Trail.	
THE HEART OF THE SOURDOUGH - - - - -	33
There where the mighty mountains.	
THE THREE VOICES - - - - -	36
The waves have a story to tell me.	
THE PINES - - - - -	38
We sleep in the sleep of ages.	

# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE HARPY - - - - -	41
There was a woman, and she was wise.	
THE LURE OF LITTLE VOICES - - - - -	45
There's a cry from out the Loneliness.	
THE SONG OF THE WAGE-SLAVE - - - - -	47
When the long, long day is over.	
GRIN - - - - -	50
If you're up against a bruiser.	
THE SHOOTING OF DAN MCGREW - - - - -	52
A bunch of the boys were whooping it up.	
THE CREMATION OF SAM MCGEE - - - - -	57
There are strange things done in the midnight sun.	
MY MADONNA - - - - -	63
I haled me a woman from the street.	
UNFORGOTTEN - - - - -	64
I know a garden where the lilies gleam.	
THE RECKONING - - - - -	65
It's fine to have a blow-out.	
QUATRAINS - - - - -	67
One said: Thy life is thine.	



## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE MEN THAT DON'T FIT IN - - - - -	69
There's a race of men that don't fit in.	
MUSIC IN THE BUSH - - - - -	71
O'er the dark pines she sees the silver moon.	
RHYME OF THE REMITTANCE MAN - - - - -	74
There's a four-pronged buck a-swinging.	
THE LOW-DOWN WHITE - - - - -	77
This is the pay-day up at the mines.	
THE LITTLE OLD LOG CABIN - - - - -	79
When a man gits on his uppers.	
THE YOUNGER SON - - - - -	81
If you leave the gloom of London.	
THE MARCH OF THE DEAD - - - - -	84
The cruel war was over.	
"FIGHTING MAC." (A LIFE TRAGEDY.) - - - - -	88
A pistol shot rings round.	
THE WOMAN AND THE ANGEL - - - - -	92
An angel was tired of heaven.	
THE RHYME OF THE RESTLESS ONES - - - - -	95
We couldn't sit and study for the law.	

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NEW YEAR'S EVE - - - - -	98
It's cruel cold on the water-front.	
COMFORT - - - - -	102
Say! You've struck a heap of trouble.	
PREMONITION - - - - -	104
'Twas a year ago.	
THE TRAMPS - - - - -	105
Can you recall, dear comrade.	
L'ENVOI - - - - -	107
You who have lived in the land.	



# Songs of a Sourdough



## THE LAW OF THE YUKON.

THIS is the law of the Yukon, and ever she makes  
it plain:

“ Send not your foolish and feeble; send me your  
strong and your sane.

Strong for the red rage of battle; sane, for I  
harry them sore;

Send me men girt for the combat, men who are  
grit to the core;

Swift as the panther in triumph, fierce as the  
bear in defeat,

Sired of a bulldog parent, steeled in the furnace  
heat.

Send me the best of your breeding, lend me your  
chosen ones;

Them will I take to my bosom, them will I call my  
sons;

Them will I gild with my treasure, them will I  
glut with my meat;

But the others—the misfits, the failures—I  
trample under my feet.



## THE LAW OF THE YUKON.

Dissolute, damned and despairful, crippled and  
palsied and slain,  
Ye would send me the spawn of your gutters—  
Go! take back your spawn again.

“ Wild and wide are my borders, stern as death  
is my sway;  
From my ruthless throne I have ruled alone for a  
million years and a day;  
Hugging my mighty treasure, waiting for man to  
come:  
Till he swept like a turbid torrent, and after him  
swept—the scum.  
The pallid pimp of the dead-line, the enervate of  
the pen,  
One by one I weeded them out, for all that I  
sought was—Men.  
One by one I dismayed them, frightening them sore  
with my glooms;  
One by one I betrayed them unto my manifold  
dooms.  
Drowned them like rats in my rivers, starved  
them like curs on my plains,  
Rotted the flesh that was left them, poisoned the  
blood in their veins;  
Burst with my winter upon them, searing forever  
their sight,

## THE LAW OF THE YUKON.

Lashed them with fungus-white faces, whimpering wild in the night;  
Staggering blind through the storm-whirl, stumbling mad through the snow,  
Frozen stiff in the ice pack, brittle and bent like a bow;  
Featureless, formless, forsaken, scented by wolves in their flight,  
Left for the wind to make music through ribs that are glittering white;  
Gnawing the black crust of failure, searching the pit of despair,  
Crooking the toe in the trigger, trying to patter a prayer;  
Going outside with an escort, raving with lips all afoam;  
Writing a cheque for a million, drivelling feebly of home;  
Lost like a louse in the burning . . . or else in the tented town  
Seeking a drunkard's solace, sinking and sinking down;  
Steeped in the slime at the bottom, dead to a decent world,  
Lost 'mid the human flotsam, far on the frontier hurled;

## THE LAW OF THE YUKON.

In the camp at the bend of the river, with its  
dozen saloons aglare,  
Its gambling dens ariot, its gramophones all  
ablare;  
Crimped with the crimes of a city, sin-ridden and  
bridled with lies,  
In the hush of my mountained vastness, in the  
flush of my midnight skies.  
Plague-spots, yet tools of my purpose, so nathe-  
less I suffer them thrive,  
Crushing my Weak in their clutches, that only  
my Strong may survive.

“But the others, the men of my mettle, the men  
who would ’stablish my fame,  
Unto its ultimate issue, winning me honor, not  
shame;  
Searching my uttermost valleys, fighting each  
step as they go,  
Shooting the wrath of my rapids, scaling my ram-  
parts of snow;  
Ripping the guts of my mountains, looting the  
beds of my creeks,  
Them will I take to my bosom, and speak as a  
mother speaks.  
I am the land that listens, I am the land that  
broods;



## THE LAW OF THE YUKON.

Steeped in eternal beauty, crystalline waters and  
woods.

Long have I waited lonely, shunned as a thing  
accurst,

Monstrous, moody, pathetic, the last of the lands  
and the first;

Visioning camp-fires at twilight, sad with a long-  
ing forlorn,

Feeling my womb o'er-pregnant with the seed of  
cities unborn.

Wild and wide are my borders, stern as death is  
my sway,

And I wait for the men who will win me—and I  
will not be won in a day;

And I will not be won by weaklings, subtle,  
suave and mild,

But by men with the hearts of vikings, and the  
simple faith of a child;

Desperate, strong and resistless, unthrottled by  
fear or defeat,

Them will I gild with my treasure, them will I  
glut with my meat.

“Lofty I stand from each sister land, patient  
and wearily wise,

With the weight of a world of sadness in my  
quiet, passionless eyes;

## THE LAW OF THE YUKON.

Dreaming alone of a people, dreaming alone of a  
day,  
When men shall not rape my riches, and curse  
me and go away;  
Making a bawd of my bounty, fouling the hand  
that gave—  
Till I rise in my wrath and I sweep on their path  
and I stamp them into a grave.  
Dreaming of men who will bless me, of women  
esteeming me good,  
Of children born in my borders, of radiant  
motherhood;  
Of cities leaping to stature, of fame like a flag  
unfurled,  
As I pour the tide of my riches in the eager lap  
of the world."

This is the Law of the Yukon, that only the  
Strong shall thrive;  
That surely the Weak shall perish, and only the  
Fit survive.  
Dissolute, damned and despairful, crippled and  
palsied and slain,  
This is the Will of the Yukon,—Lo! how she  
makes it plain!

## THE PARSON'S SON.

*THIS is the song of the parson's son, as he squats  
in his shack alone,  
On the wild, weird nights when the Northern  
Lights shoot up from the frozen zone,  
And it's sixty below, and couched in the snow the  
hungry huskies moan.*

“I'm one of the Arctic brotherhood, I'm an old-  
time pioneer.  
I came with the first—O God! how I've cursed  
this Yukon—but still I'm here.  
I've sweated athirst in its summer heat, I've  
frozen and starved in its cold;  
I've followed my dreams by its thousand streams,  
I've toiled and moiled for its gold.

“Look at my eyes—been snow-blind twice; look  
where my foot's half gone;  
And that gruesome scar on my left cheek where  
the frost-fiend bit to the bone.



## THE PARSON'S SON.

Each one a brand of this devil's land, where I've  
played and I've lost the game,  
A broken wreck with a craze for 'hooch,' and  
never a cent to my name.

"This mining is only a gamble, the worst is as  
good as the best;  
I was in with the bunch and I might have come  
out right on top with the rest;  
With Cormack, Ladue and Macdonald—O God!  
but it's hell to think  
Of the thousands and thousands I've squandered  
on cards and women and drink.

"In the early days we were just a few, and we  
hunted and fished around,  
Nor dreamt by our lonely camp-fires of the wealth  
that lay under the ground.  
We traded in skins and whiskey, and I've often  
slept under the shade  
Of that lone birch tree on Bonanza, where the  
first big find was made.

"We were just like a great big family, and every  
man had his squaw,  
And we lived such a wild, free, fearless life  
beyond the pale of the law;

## THE PARSON'S SON.

Till sudden there came a whisper, and it  
maddened us every man,  
And I got in on Bonanza before the big rush  
began.

“Oh, those Dawson days, and the sin and the  
blaze, and the town all open wide!  
(If God made me in His likeness, sure He let the  
devil inside.)

But we all were mad, both the good and the bad,  
and as for the women, well—  
No spot on the map in so short a space has  
hustled more souls to hell.

“Money was just like dirt there, easy to get and  
to spend.

I was all caked in on a dance-hall jade, but she  
shook me in the end.

It put me queer, and for near a year I never drew  
sober breath,

Till I found myself in the bughouse ward with a  
claim staked out on death.

“Twenty years in the Yukon, struggling along its  
creeks;

Roaming its giant valleys, scaling its god-like  
peaks;

Bathed in its fiery sunsets, fighting its fiendish  
cold,

## THE PARSON'S SON.

Twenty years in the Yukon . . . twenty years—  
and I'm old.

“ Old and weak, but no matter, there's ‘ hooch ’ in  
the bottle still.

I'll hitch up the dogs to-morrow, and mush down  
the trail to Bill.

It's so long dark, and I'm lonesome—I'll just lay  
down on the bed,

To-morrow I'll go . . . to-morrow . . . I guess  
I'll play on the red.

“ . . . Come Kit, your pony is saddled. I'm  
waiting, dear, in the court . . .

. . . Minnie, you devil, I'll kill you if you skip  
with that flossy sport . . .

. . . How much does it go to the pan, Bill? . . .  
play up, School, and play the game . . .

. . . Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed  
be Thy name . . . ”

*This was the song of the parson's son, as he lay  
in his bunk alone,*

*Ere the fire went out and the cold crept in, and  
his blue lips ceased to moan,*

*And the hunger-maddened malamutes had torn  
him flesh from bone.*



## THE SPELL OF THE YUKON.

I WANTED the gold, and I sought it;  
I scrabbled and mucked like a slave.  
Was it famine or scurvy—I fought it;  
I hurled my youth into a grave.  
I wanted the gold and I got it—  
Came out with a fortune last fall,—  
Yet somehow life's not what I thought it,  
And somehow the gold isn't all.

No! There's the land. (Have you seen it?)  
It's the cussedest land that I know,  
From the big, dizzy mountains that screen it,  
To the deep, deathlike valleys below.  
Some say God was tired when He made it;  
Some say it's a fine land to shun;  
Maybe: but there's some as would trade it  
For no land on earth—and I'm one.

## THE SPELL OF THE YUKON.

You come to get rich (damned good reason),  
You feel like an exile at first;  
You hate it like hell for a season,  
And then you are worse than the worst.  
It grips you like some kinds of sinning;  
It twists you from foe to a friend;  
It seems it's been since the beginning;  
It seems it will be to the end.

I've stood in some mighty-mouthed hollow  
That's plumb-full of hush to the brim;  
I've watched the big, husky sun wallow  
in crimson and gold, and grow dim,  
Till the moon set the pearly peaks gleaming,  
And the stars tumbled out, neck and crop;  
And I've thought that I surely was dreaming  
With the peace o' the world piled on top.

The summer—no sweeter was ever;  
The sunshiny woods all athrill;  
The greyling aleap in the river,  
The bighorn asleep on the hill.  
The strong life that never knows harness;  
The wilds where the caribou call;  
The freshness, the freedom, the farness—  
O God! how I'm stuck on it all.

## THE SPELL OF THE YUKON.

The winter! the brightness that blinds you,  
The white land locked tight as a drum,  
The cold fear that follows and finds you,  
The silence that bludgeons you dumb.  
The snows that are older than history,  
The woods where the weird shadows slant;  
The stillness, the moonlight, the mystery,  
I've bade 'em bood-bye—but I can't.

There's a land where the mountains are nameless,  
And the rivers all run God knows where;  
There are lives that are erring and aimless,  
And deaths that just hang by a hair;  
There are hardships that nobody reckons;  
There are valleys unpeopled and still;  
There's a land—oh, it beckons and beckons,  
And I want to go back—and I will.

They're making my money diminish;  
I'm sick of the taste of champagne.  
Thank God! when I'm skinned to a finish  
I'll pike to the Yukon again.  
I'll fight—and you bet it's no sham-fight;  
It's hell!—but I've been there before;  
And it's better than this by a damsite—  
So me for the Yukon once more.



## THE SPELL OF THE YUKON.

There's gold, and it's haunting and haunting;  
It's luring me on as of old;  
Yet it isn't the gold that I'm wanting,  
So much as just finding the gold.  
It's the great, big, broad land 'way up yonder.  
It's the forests where silence has lease;  
It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder,  
It's the stillness that fills me with peace.

## THE CALL OF THE WILD.

HAVE you gazed on naked grandeur where there's  
nothing else to gaze on,

Set pieces and drop-curtain scenes galore,  
Big mountains heaved to heaven, which the blind-  
ing sunsets blazon,

Black canyons where the rapids rip and roar?  
Have you swept the visioned valley with the  
green stream streaking through it,

Searched the Vastness for a something you  
have lost?

Have you strung your soul to silence? Then for  
God's sake go and do it;

Hear the challenge, learn the lesson, pay the  
cost.

Have you wandered in the wilderness, the sage-  
brush desolation,

The bunch-grass levels where the cattle graze?  
Have you whistled bits of rag-time at the end of  
all creation,

And learned to know the desert's little ways?

## THE CALL OF THE WILD.

Have you camped upon the foothills, have you  
galloped o'er the ranges,

Have you roamed the arid sun-lands through  
and through?

Have you chummed up with the mesa? Do you  
know its moods and changes?

Then listen to the wild—it's calling you.

Have you known the Great White Silence, not a  
snow-gemmed twig aquiver?

(Eternal truths that shame our soothing lies.)

Have you broken trail on snowshoes? mushed  
your huskies up the river,

Dared the unknown, led the way, and clutched  
the prize?

Have you marked the map's void spaces, mingled  
with the mongrel races,

Felt the savage strength of brute in every thew?  
And though grim as hell the worst is, can you  
round it off with curses?

Then hearken to the wild—it's wanting you.

Have you suffered, starved and triumphed,  
grovelled down, yet grasped at glory,  
Grown bigger in the bigness of the whole?

## THE CALL OF THE WILD.

“Done things” just for the doing, letting babblers  
tell the story,

Seeing through the nice veneer the naked soul?  
Have you seen God in His splendors, heard the  
text that nature renders?

(You’ll never hear it in the family pew.)  
The simple things, the true things, the silent men  
who do things—

Then listen to the wild—it’s calling you.

They have cradled you in custom, they have  
primed you with their preaching,

They have soaked you in convention through  
and through;

They have put you in a showcase; you’re a credit  
to their teaching

But can’t you hear the wild?—it’s calling you.  
Let us probe the silent places, let us seek what  
luck betide us;

Let us journey to a lonely land I know.  
There’s a whisper on the night-wind, there’s a  
star agleam to guide us,  
And the wild is calling, calling . . . let us go.



## THE LONE TRAIL.

*Ye who know the Lone Trail fain would follow ii,  
Though it lead to glory or the darkness of the pit.  
Ye who take the Lone Trail, bid your love good-  
bye;*

*The Lone Trail, the Lone Trail follow till you die.*

The trails of the world be countless, and most of  
the trails be tried;

You tread on the heels of the many, till you come  
where the ways divide;

And one lies safe in the sunlight, and the other is  
dreary and wan,

Yet you look aslant at the Lone Trail, and the  
Lone Trail lures you on.

And somehow you're sick of the highway, with its  
noise and its éasy needs,

And you seek the risk of the by-way, and you  
rack not where it leads.

## THE LONE TRAIL.

And sometimes it leads to the desert, and the  
tongue swells out of the mouth,

And you stagger blind to the mirage, to die in the  
mocking drouth.

And sometimes it leads to the mountain to the  
light of the lone camp-fire,

And you gnaw your belt in the anguish of hunger-  
goaded desire.

And sometimes it leads to the Southland, to the  
swamp where the orchid glows,

And you rave to your grave with the fever, and  
they rob the corpse for its clothes.

And sometimes it leads to the Northland, and the  
scurvy softens your bones,

And your flesh dints in like putty, and you spit  
out your teeth like stones.

And sometimes it leads to a coral reef in the wash  
of a weedy sea,

And you sit and stare at the empty glare where  
the gulls wait greedily.

And sometimes it leads to an Arctic trail, and  
the snows where your torn feet freeze,

And you whittle away the useless clay, and crawl  
on your hands and knees.

Often it leads to the dead-pit; always it leads to  
pain;

## THE LONE TRAIL.

By the bones of your brothers ye know it, but oh,  
to follow you're fain.

By your bones they will follow behind you, till  
the ways of the world are made plain.

*Bid good-bye to sweetheart. bid good-bye to  
friend;*

*The Lone Trail, the Lone Trail follow to the end,  
Tarry not, and fear not, chosen of the true;  
Lover of the Lone Trail, the Lone Trail waits for  
you.*

## THE HEART OF THE SOURDOUGH.

THERE where the mighty mountains bare their  
fangs unto the moon;  
There where the sullen sun-dogs glare in the  
snow-bright, bitter noon,  
And the glacier-gutted streams sweep down at the  
clarion call of June:

There where the livid tundras keep their tryst  
with the tranquil snows;  
There where the Silences are spawned, and the  
light of hell-fire flows  
Into the bowl of the midnight sky, violet, amber  
and rose:

There where the rapids churn and roar, and the  
ice floes bellowing run;  
Where the tortured, twisted rivers of blood rush  
to the setting sun—  
I've packed my kit and I'm going, boys, ere  
another day is done.

. . . . .



## THE HEART OF THE SOURDOUGH.

I knew it would call, or soon or late, as it calls  
the whirring wings;  
It's the olden lure, it's the golden lure, it's the  
lure of the timeless things;  
And to-night, O God of the trails untrod, how it  
whines in my heart-strings!

I'm sick to death of your well-groomed gods,  
your make-believe and your show;  
I long for a whiff of bacon and beans, a snug  
shake-down in the snow,  
A trail to break, and a life at stake, and another  
bout with the foe;

With the raw-ribbed Wild that abhors all life, the  
Wild that would crush and rend;  
I have clinched and closed with the naked North,  
I have learned to defy and defend;  
Shoulder to shoulder we've fought it out—yet the  
Wild must win in the end.

I have flouted the Wild. I have followed its lure,  
fearless, familiar, alone;  
By all that the battle means and makes I claim  
that land for mine own;  
Yet the Wild must win, and a day will come  
when I shall be overthrown.

## THE HEART OF THE SOURDOUGH.

Then when as wolf-dogs fight we've fought, the  
lean wolf-land and I;  
Fought and bled till the snows are red under the  
reeling sky;  
Even as lean wolf-dog goes down will I go down  
and die.

## THE THREE VOICES.

THE waves have a story to tell me,  
As I lie on the lonely beach;  
Chanting aloft in the pine-tops,  
The wind has a lesson to teach;  
But the stars sing an anthem of glory  
I cannot put into speech.

The waves tell of ocean spaces,  
Of hearts that are wild and brave,  
Of populous city places,  
Of desolate shores they lave;  
Of men who sally in quest of gold  
To sink in an ocean grave.

The wind is a mighty roamer;  
He bids me keep me free,  
Clean from the taint of the gold-lust,  
Hardy and pure as he;  
Cling with my love to nature  
As a child to the mother-knee.

## THE THREE VOICES.

But the stars throng out in their glory,  
And they sing of the God in man;  
They sing of the mighty Master,  
Of the loom His fingers span;  
Where a star or a soul is a part of the whole,  
And weft in the wondrous plan.

Here by the camp-fire's flicker,  
Deep in my blanket curled,  
I long for the peace of the pine-gloom  
When the scroll of the Lord is unfurled,  
And the wind and the wave are silent,  
And world is singing to world.



## THE PINES.

WE sleep in the sleep of ages, the bleak, barbarian  
pines;  
The grey moss drapes us like sages, and closer  
we lock our lines,  
And deeper we clutch through the gelid gloom  
where never a sunbeam shines.

On the flanks of the storm-gored ridges are our  
black battalions massed;  
We surge in a host to the sullen coast, and we  
sing in the ocean blast;  
From empire of sea to empire of snow we grip  
our empire fast.

To the niggard lands were we driven; 'twixt  
desert and floe are we penned.  
To us was the Northland given, ours to strong-  
hold and defend;  
Ours till the world be riven in the crash of the  
utter end.

## THE PINES.

Ours from the bleak beginning, through the æons  
of death-like sleep;  
Ours from the shock when the naked rock was  
hurled from the hissing deep;  
Ours through the twilight ages of weary glacier-  
creep.

Wind of the East, wind of the West, wandering  
to and fro,  
Chant your songs in our topmost boughs, that  
the sons of men may know  
The peerless pine was the first to come, and the  
pine will be last to go!

We pillar the halls of perfumed gloom; we plume  
where the eagles soar;  
The North-wind swoops from the brooding Pole,  
and our ancients crash and roar;  
But where one falls from the crumbling walls  
shoots up a hardy score.

We spring from the gloom of the canyon's womb;  
in the valley's lap we lie;  
From the white foam-fringe where the breakers  
cringe to the peaks that tusk the sky  
We climb, and we peer in the crag-locked mere  
that gleams like a golden eye,—

## THE PINES.

Gain to the verge of the hog-back ridge where  
the vision ranges free:

Pines and pines and the shadow of pines as far as  
the eye can see;

A steadfast legion of stalwart knights in dominant  
empire.

Sun, moon and stars, give answer; shall we not  
staunchly stand

Even as now, forever, wards of the wilder strand,  
Sentinels of the stillness, lords of the last lone  
land!

## THE HARPY.

*There was a woman, and she was wise; woefully  
wise was she;  
She was old, so old, yet her years all told were  
but a score and three,  
And she knew by heart, from finish to start, the  
Book of Iniquity.*

There is no hope for such as I, on earth nor yet  
in Heaven;  
Unloved I live, unloved I die, unpitied, unfor-  
given;  
A loathèd jade I ply my trade, unhallowed and  
unshriven.

I paint my cheeks, for they are white, and cheeks  
of chalk men hate;  
Mine eyes with wine I make to shine, that men  
may seek and sate;  
With overhead a lamp of red I sit me down and  
wait



## THE HARPY.

Until they come, the nightly scum, with drunken  
    eyes aflame;  
Your sweethearts, sons, ye scornful ones—'tis I  
    who know their shame;  
The gods ye see are brutes to me—and so I play  
    my game.

For life is not the thing we thought, and not the  
    thing we plan;  
And woman in a bitter world must do the best  
    she can;  
Must yield the stroke, and bear the yoke, and  
    serve the will of man;

Must serve his need and ever feed the flame of  
    his desire;  
Though be she loved for love alone, or be she  
    loved for hire;  
For every man since life began is tainted with  
    the mire.

And though you know he love you so, and set  
    you on love's throne,  
Yet let your eyes but mock his sighs, and let your  
    heart be stone.  
Lest you be left (as I was left) attainted and  
    alone.

## THE HARPY.

From love's close kiss to hell's abyss is one sheer  
flight, I trow;  
And wedding-ring and bridal bell are will-o'-  
wisps of woe;  
And 'tis not wise to love too well, and this all  
women know.

Wherefore, the wolf-pack having gorged upon the  
lamb, their prey,  
With siren smile and serpent guile I make the  
wolf-pack pay;  
With velvet paws and flensing claws, a tigress  
roused to slay.

One who in youth sought truest truth, and found  
a devil's lies;  
A symbol of the sin of man, a human sacrifice:  
Yet shall I blame on man the shame? Could it  
be otherwise?

Was I not born to walk in scorn where others  
walk in pride?  
The Maker marred, and evil-starred I drift upon  
His tide;  
And He alone shall judge His own, so I His  
judgment bide.

## THE HARPY.

*Fate has written a tragedy; its name is "The Human Heart."*

*The theatre is the House of Life, Woman the mummer's part:*

*The Devil enters the prompter's box and the play is ready to start.*

## THE LURE OF LITTLE VOICES.

THERE'S a cry from out the Loneliness—Oh,  
listen, Honey, listen!

Do you hear it, do you fear it, you're a-holding  
of me so?

You're a-sobbing in your sleep, dear, and your  
lashes, how they glisten—

Do you hear the Little Voices all a-begging me  
to go?

All a-begging me to leave you. Day and night  
they're pleading, praying,

On the North-wind, on the West-wind, from the  
peak and from the plain;

Night and day they never leave me—do you know  
what they are saying?

“He was ours before you got him, and we want  
him once again.”

Yes, they're wanting me, they're haunting me, the  
awful lonely places;

They're whining and they're whimpering as if  
each had a soul;

They're calling from the wilderness, the vast and  
god-like spaces,

The stark and sullen solitudes that sentinel the  
Pole.



## THE LURE OF LITTLE VOICES.

They miss my little camp-fires, ever brightly,  
bravely gleaming  
In the womb of desolation where was never  
man before;  
As comradeless I sought them, lion-hearted, lov-  
ing, dreaming;  
And they hailed me as a comrade, and they  
loved me evermore.

And now they're all a-crying, and it's no use me  
denying;  
The spell of them is on me and I'm helpless  
as a child;  
My heart is aching, aching, but I hear them sleep-  
ing, waking;  
It's the Lure of Little Voices, it's the mandate  
of the Wild.

I'm afraid to tell you, Honey, I can take no bitter  
leaving;  
But softly in the sleep-time from your love I'll  
steal away.  
Oh, it's cruel, dearie, cruel, and it's God knows  
how I'm grieving;  
But His Loneliness is calling and He knows I  
must obey.

## THE SONG OF THE WAGE-SLAVE.

WHEN the long, long day is over and the Big  
Boss gives me my pay,  
I hope that it won't be hell-fire, as some of the  
parsons say.

And I hope that it won't be heaven, with some of  
the parsons I've met—

All I want is just quiet, just to rest and forget.  
Look at my face, toil-furrowed; look at my  
calloused hands;

Master, I've done Thy bidding, wrought in Thy  
many lands—

Wrought for the little masters, big-bellied they  
be, and rich;

I've done their desire for a daily hire, and I die  
like a dog in a ditch.

I have used the strength Thou has given, Thou  
knowest I did not shirk;

Threescore years of labor—Thine be the long  
day's work.

And now, Big Master, I'm broken and bent and  
twisted and scarred,

But I've held my job, and Thou knowest, and  
Thou wilt not judge me hard

## THE SONG OF THE WAGE-SLAVE.

Thou knowest my sins are many, and often I've  
    played the fool—  
Whiskey and cards and women, they made me  
    the devil's tool.  
I was just like a child with money; I flung it  
    away with a curse,  
Feasting a fawning parasite, or glutting a  
    harlot's purse,  
Then back to the woods repentant, back to the  
    mill or the mine,  
I, the worker of workers, everything in my line.  
Everything hard but headwork (I'd no more  
    brains than a kid),  
A brute with brute strength to labor, doing as I  
    was bid;  
Living in camps with men-folk, a lonely and  
    loveless life;  
Never knew kiss of sweetheart, never caress of  
    wife.  
A brute with brute strength to labor, and they  
    were so far above—  
Yet I'd gladly have gone to the gallows for one  
    little look of Love.  
I with the strength of two men, savage and shy  
    and wild—  
Yet how I'd ha' treasured a woman, and the  
    sweet, warm kiss of a child.

## THE SONG OF THE WAGE-SLAVE.

Well, 'tis Thy world, and Thou knowest. I blas-  
pheme and my ways be rude;  
But I've lived my life as I found it, and I've  
done my best to be good;  
I, the primitive toiler, half naked, and grimed to  
the eyes,  
Sweating it deep in their ditches, swining it stark  
in their styes,  
Hurling down forests before me, spanning tum-  
ultuous streams;  
Down in the ditch building o'er me palaces fairer  
than dreams;  
Boring the rock to the ore-bed, driving the road  
through the fen,  
Resolute, dumb, uncomplaining, a man in a world  
of men.  
Master, I've filled my contract, wrought in Thy  
many lands;  
Not by my sins wilt Thou judge me, but by the  
work of my hands.  
Master, I've done Thy bidding, and the light is  
low in the west,  
And the long, long shift is over . . . Master, I've  
earned it—Rest.



## GRIN.

If you're up against a bruiser and you're getting  
knocked about—

Grin.

If you're feeling pretty groggy, and you're licked  
beyond a doubt—

Grin.

Don't let him see you're funkng, let him know  
with every clout,  
Though your face is battered to a pulp, your  
blooming heart is stout;  
Just stand upon your pins until the beggar  
knocks you out—

And grin.

This life's a bally battle, and the same advice  
holds true,

Of grin.

If you're up against it badly, then it's only one  
on you,

So grin.

## GRIN.

If the future's black as thunder, don't let people  
see you're blue;

Just cultivate a cast-iron smile of joy the whole  
day through;

If they call you "Little Sunshine," wish that  
*they'd* no troubles, too—

You may—grin.

Rise up in the morning with the will that,  
smooth or rough,

You'll grin.

Sink to sleep at midnight, and although you're  
feeling tough,

Yet grin.

There's nothing gained by whining, and you're  
not that kind of stuff;

You're a fighter from away back, and you *won't*  
take a rebuff;

Your trouble is that you don't know when you  
have had enough—

Don't give in.

If Fate should down you, just get up and take  
another cuff;

You may bank on it that there is no philosophy  
like bluff

And grin.

## THE SHOOTING OF DAN MCGREW.

A BUNCH of the boys were whooping it up in the  
Malamute saloon ;  
The kid that handles the music-box was hitting  
a jag-time tune ;  
Back of the bar, in a solo game, sat Dangerous  
Dan McGrew,  
And watching his luck was his light-o'-love, the  
lady that's known as Lou.

When out of the night, which was fifty below,  
and into the din and the glare,  
There stumbled a miner fresh from the creeks,  
dog-dirty, and loaded for bear.  
He looked like a man with a foot in the grave,  
and scarcely the strength of a louse,  
Yet he tilted a poke of dust on the bar, and he  
called for drinks for the house.  
There was none could place the stranger's face,  
though we searched ourselves for a clue ;  
But we drank his health, and the last to drink  
was Dangerous Dan McGrew.

## THE SHOOTING OF DAN MCGREW.

There's men that somehow just grip your eyes,  
and hold them hard like a spell;  
And such was he, and he looked to me like a man  
who had lived in hell;  
With a face most hair, and the dreary stare of a  
dog whose day is done,  
As he watered the green stuff in his glass, and  
the drops fell one by one.  
Then I got to figgering who he was, and wonder-  
ing what he'd do,  
And I turned my head—and there watching him  
was the lady that's known as Lou.

His eyes went rubbering round the room, and  
he seemed in a kind of daze,  
Till at last that old piano fell in the way of his  
wandering gaze.  
The rag-time kid was having a drink; there was  
no one else on the stool,  
So the stranger stumbles across the room, and  
flops down there like a fool.  
In a buckskin shirt that was glazed with dirt he  
sat, and I saw him sway;  
Then he clutched the keys with his talon hands—  
my God! but that man could play!



## THE SHOOTING OF DAN MCGREW.

Were you ever out in the Great Alone, when the  
    moon was awful clear,  
And the icy mountains hemmed you in with a  
    silence you most could *hear*;  
With only the howl of a timber wolf, and you  
    camped there in the cold,  
A half-dead thing in a stark, dead world, clean  
    mad for the muck called gold;  
While high overhead, green, yellow and red, the  
    North Lights swept in bars—  
Then you've a hunch what the music meant . . .  
    hunger and night and the stars.

And hunger not of the belly kind, that's banished  
    with bacon and beans;  
But the gnawing hunger of lonely men for a home  
    and all that it means;  
For a fireside far from the cares that are, four  
    walls and a roof above;  
But oh! so cramful of cosy joy, and crowned with  
    a woman's love;  
A woman dearer than all the world, and true as  
    Heaven is true—  
(God! how ghastly she looks through her rouge,  
    —the lady that's known as Lou).

## THE SHOOTING OF DAN MCGREW.

Then on a sudden the music changed, so soft that  
    you scarce could hear;  
But you felt that your life had been looted clean  
    of all that it once held dear;  
That someone had stolen the woman you loved;  
    that her love was a devil's lie;  
That your guts were gone, and the best for you  
    was to crawl away and die.  
'Twas the crowning cry of a heart's despair, and  
    it thrilled you through and through—  
“ I guess I'll make it a spread misere,” said Dan-  
    gerous Dan McGrew.

The music almost died away . . . then it burst  
    like a pent-up flood;  
And it seemed to say, “ Repay, repay,” and my  
    eyes were blind with blood.  
The thought came back of an ancient wrong,  
    and it stung like a frozen lash,  
And the lust awoke to kill, to kill . . . then the  
    music stopped with a crash,  
And the stranger turned, and his eyes they  
    burned in a most peculiar way;  
In a buckskin shirt that was glazed with dirt he  
    sat, and I saw him sway;

## THE SHOOTING OF DAN McCREW.

Then his lips went in in a kind of grin, and he  
spoke, and his voice was calm;  
And, "Boys," says he, "you don't know me, and  
none of you care a damn;  
But I want to state, and my words are straight,  
and I'll bet my poke they're true,  
That one of you is a hound of hell . . . and that  
one is Dan McGrew."

Then I ducked my head, and the lights went out,  
and two guns blazed in the dark;  
And a woman screamed, and the lights went up,  
and two men lay stiff and stark;  
Pitched on his head, and pumped full of lead, was  
Dangerous Dan McGrew,  
While the man from the creeks lay clutched to  
the breast of the lady that's known as Lou.

These are the simple facts of the case, and I guess  
I ought to know;  
They say that the stranger was crazed with  
"hooch," and I'm not denying it's so.  
I'm not so wise as the lawyer guys, but strictly  
between us two—  
The woman that kissed him—and pinched his  
poke—was the lady that's known as Lou.

## THE CREMATION OF SAM MCGEE.

*There are strange things done in the midnight  
sun*

*By the men who toil for gold;  
The Arctic trails have their secret tales  
That would make your blood run cold;  
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,  
But the queerest they ever did see  
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge  
I cremated Sam McGee.*

Now Sam McGee was from Tennessee, where the  
cotton blooms and blows.

Why he left his home in the South to roam  
round the Pole God only knows.

He was always cold, but the land of gold seemed  
to hold him like a spell;

Though he'd often say in his homely way that  
he'd "sooner live in hell."



## THE CREMATION OF SAM McGEE.

On a Christmas Day we were mushing our way  
over the Dawson trail.  
Talk of your cold! through the parka's fold it  
stabbed like a driven nail.  
If our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze, till  
sometimes we couldn't see;  
It wasn't much fun, but the only one to whimper  
was Sam McGee.

And that very night as we lay packed tight in our  
robes beneath the snow,  
And the dogs were fed, and the stars o'erhead  
were dancing heel and toe,  
He turned to me, and, "Cap," says he, "I'll cash  
in this trip, I guess;  
And if I do, I'm asking that you won't refuse  
my last request."

Well, he seemed so low that I couldn't say no;  
then he says with a sort of moan:  
"It's the cursed cold, and it's got right hold till  
I'm chilled clean through to the bone.  
Yet 'taint being dead, it's my awful dread of the  
icy grave that pains;  
So I want you to swear that, foul or fair, you'll  
cremate my last remains."

## THE CREMATION OF SAM MCGEE.

A pal's last need is a thing to heed, so I swore I  
would not fail;  
And we started on at the streak of dawn, but  
God! he looked ghastly pale.  
He crouched on the sleigh, and he raved all day  
of his home in Tennessee;  
And before nightfall a corpse was all that was  
left of Sam McGee.

There wasn't a breath in that land of death, and  
I hurried, horror driven,  
With a corpse half-hid that I couldn't get rid,  
because of a promise given;  
It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say:  
"You may tax your brawn and brains,  
But you promised true, and it's up to you to  
cremate those last remains."

Now a promise made is a debt unpaid, and the  
trail has its own stern code.  
In the days to come, though my lips were dumb,  
in my heart how I cursed that load.  
In the long, long night, by the lone firelight,  
while the huskies, round in a ring,  
Howled out their woes to the homeless snows—  
O God! how I loathed the thing.

## THE CREMATION OF SAM MCGEE.

And every day that quiet clay seemed to heavy  
and heavier grow;  
And on I went, though the dogs were spent and  
the grub was getting low;  
The trail was bad, and I felt half mad, but I  
swore I would not give in;  
And I'd often sing to the hateful thing, and it  
hearkened with a grin.

Till I came to the marge of Lake Lebarge, and a  
derelict there lay;  
It was jammed in the ice, but I saw in a trice it  
was called the "Alice May."  
And I looked at it, and I thought a bit, and I  
looked at my frozen chum:  
Then, "Here," said I, with a sudden cry, "is  
my cre-ma-tor-eum."

Some planks I tore from the cabin floor, and I  
lit the boiler fire;  
Some coal I found that was lying around, and I  
heaped the fuel higher;  
The flames just soared, and the furnace roared—  
such a blaze you seldom see;  
And I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal, and  
I stuffed in Sam McGee.

## THE CREMATION OF SAM McGEE.

Then I made a hike, for I didn't like to hear him  
sizzle so;  
And the heavens scowled, and the huskies howled,  
and the wind began to blow.  
It was icy cold, but the hot sweat rolled down  
my cheeks, and I don't know why;  
And the greasy smoke in an inky cloak went  
streaking down the sky.

I do not know how long in the snow I wrestled  
with grisly fear;  
But the stars came out and they danced about  
ere again I ventured near;  
I was sick with dread, but I bravely said: "I'll  
just take a peep inside.  
I guess he's cooked, and it's time I looked,"  
. . . then the door I opened wide.

And there sat Sam, looking cool and calm, in the  
heart of the furnace roar;  
And he wore a smile you could see a mile, and he  
said: "Please close that door.  
It's fine in here, but I greatly fear you'll let in  
the cold and storm—  
Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee, it's the  
first time I've been warm."



## THE CREMATION OF SAM McGEE.

*There are strange things done in the midnight sun;  
By the men who toil for gold;  
The Arctic trails have their secret tales  
That would make your blood run cold;  
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,  
But the queerest they ever did see  
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge  
I cremated Sam McGee.*

## MY MADONNA.

I HAILED me a woman from the street,  
Shameless, but, oh, so fair!  
I bade her sit in the model's seat,  
And I painted her sitting there.

I hid all trace of her heart unclean;  
I painted a babe at her breast;  
I painted her as she might have been,  
If the Worst had been the Best.

She laughed at my picture, and went away.  
Then came, with a knowing nod,  
A connoisseur, and I heard him say:  
“ 'Tis Mary, the Mother of God.”

So I painted a halo round her hair,  
And I sold her, and took my fee,  
And she hangs in the church of Saint Hilaire  
Where you and all may see.

## UNFORGOTTEN.

I KNOW a garden where the lilies gleam,  
And one who lingers in the sunshine there;  
She is than white-stoled lily far more fair,  
And oh, her eyes are heaven-lit with dream.

I know a garret, cold and dark and drear,  
And one who toils and toils with tireless  
pen,  
Until his brave, sad eyes grow weary—  
then  
He seeks the stars, pale, silent as a seer.

And ah, it's strange, for desolate and dim  
Between these two there rolls an ocean wide;  
Yet he is in the garden by her side,  
And she is in the garret there with him.

## THE RECKONING.

It's fine to have a blow-out in a fancy restaurant,  
With terrapin and canvas-back and all the wine  
you want;

To enjoy the flowers and music, watch the pretty  
women pass,

Smoke a choice cigar, and sip the wealthy water  
in your glass;

It's bully in a high-toned joint to eat and drink  
your fill, but it's quite another matter when you  
Pay the bill.

It's great to go out every night on fun or pleasure  
bent,

To wear your glad rags always, and to never save  
a cent;

To drift along regardless, have a good time every  
trip;

To hit the high spots sometimes, and to let your  
chances slip;

To know you're acting foolish, yet to go on fooling  
still,

Till Nature calls a show-down, and you  
Pay the bill.



## THE RECKONING.

Time has got a little bill—get wise while yet you  
may,  
For the debit side's increasing in a most alarming  
way;  
The things you had no right to do, the things you  
should have done,  
They're all put down; it's up to you to pay for  
every one.  
So eat, drink and be merry, have a good time if  
you will,  
But God help you when the time comes, and you  
Foot the bill.

## QUATRAINS.

ONE said: Thy life is thine to make or mar,  
To flicker feebly, or to soar, a star;  
It lies with thee—the choice is thine, is thine,  
To hit the ties or drive thy auto-car.

I answered Her: The choice is mine—ah, no!  
We all were made or marred long, long ago.  
The parts are written: hear the super wail:  
“Who is stage-managing this cosmic show?”

Blind fools of fate, and slaves of circumstance,  
Life is a fiddler, and we all must dance.  
From gloom where mocks that will-o'-wisp, Free-  
will,  
I heard a voice cry: “Say, give us a chance.”

Chance! Oh, there is no chance. The scene is set.  
Up with the curtain! Man, the marionette,  
Resumes his part. The gods will work the wires.  
They've got it all down fine, you bet, you bet!

It's all decreed: the mighty earthquake crash;  
The countless constellations' wheel and flash;

## QUATRAINS.

The rise and fall of empires, war's red tide,  
The composition of your dinner hash.

There's no haphazard in this world of ours:  
Cause and effect are grim, relentless powers.  
They rule the world. (A king was shot last  
night.  
Last night I held the joker and both bowers.)

From out the mesh of fate our heads we thrust.  
We can't do what we would, but what we must.  
Heredity has got us in a cinch.  
(Consoling thought, when you've been on a  
"bust.")

Hark to the song where spherical voices blend:  
"There's no beginning, never will be end."  
It makes us nutty; hang the astral chimes!  
The table's spread; come, let us dine, my friend.

## THE MEN THAT DON'T FIT IN.

THERE'S a race of men that don't fit in,  
A race that can't stay still;  
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,  
And they roam the world at will.  
They range the field and they rove the flood,  
And they climb the mountain's crest;  
Theirs is the curse of the gipsy blood,  
And they don't know how to rest.

If they just went straight they might go far;  
They are strong and brave and true;  
But they're always tired of the things that  
are,  
And they want the strange and new.  
They say: "Could I find my proper groove,  
What a deep mark I would make!"  
So they chop and change, and each fresh  
move  
Is only a fresh mistake.



## THE MEN THAT DON'T FIT IN.

And each forgets, as he strips and runs,  
With a brilliant, fitful pace,  
It's the steady, quiet, plodding ones  
Who win in the lifelong race.  
And each forgets that his youth has fled,  
Forgets that his prime is past,  
Till he stands one day with a hope that's dead  
In the glare of the truth at last.

He has failed, he has failed; he has missed  
his chance;  
He has just done things by half.  
Life's been a jolly good joke on him,  
And now is the time to laugh.  
Ha, ha! He is one of the Legion Lost;  
He was never meant to win;  
He's a rolling stone, and it's bred in the  
bone;  
He's a man who won't fit in.

## MUSIC IN THE BUSH.

O'ER the dark pines she sees the silver moon,  
And in the west, all tremulous, a star;  
And soothing sweet she hears the mellow tune  
Of cow-bells jangled in the fields afar.

Quite listless, for her daily stent is done,  
She stands, sad exile, at her rose-wreathed door,  
And sends her love eternal with the sun  
That goes to gild the land she'll see no more.

The grave, gaunt pines imprison her sad gaze,  
All still the sky and darkling drearily;  
She feels the chilly breath of dear, dead days  
Come sifting through the alders eerily.

Oh, how the roses riot in their bloom!  
The curtains stir as with an ancient pain;  
Her old piano gleams from out the gloom,  
And waits and waits her tender touch in vain.

## MUSIC IN THE BUSH.

But now her hands like moonlight brush the keys  
With velvet grace, melodious delight.  
And now a sad refrain from overseas  
Goes sobbing on the bosom of the night.

And now she sings. (O singer in the gloom,  
Voicing a sorrow we can ne'er express,  
Here in the Farness where we few have room  
Unshamed to show our love and tenderness,

Our hearts will echo, till they beat no more,  
That song of sadness and of motherland;  
And stretched in deathless love to England's  
shore,  
Some day she'll hearken and she'll under-  
stand.)

A prima-donna in the shining past,  
But now a mother growing old and grey,  
She thinks of how she held a people fast  
In thrall, and gleaned the triumphs of a day.

She sees a sea of faces like a dream;  
She sees herself a queen of song once more;  
She sees lips part in rapture, eyes agleam;  
She sings as never once she sang before.

## MUSIC IN THE BUSH.

She sings a wild, sweet song that throbs with  
pain,

The added pain of life that transcend's art,  
A song of home, a deep, celestial strain,  
The glorious swan-song of a dying heart.

A lame tramp comes along the railway track,  
A grizzled dog whose day is nearly done;  
He passes, pauses, then comes slowly back  
And listens there—an audience of one.

She sings—her golden voice is passion-fraught  
As when she charmed a thousand eager ears;  
He listens trembling, and she knows it not,  
And down his hollow cheeks roll bitter tears.

She ceases and is still, as if to pray;  
There is no sound, the stars are all alight—  
Only a wretch who stumbles on his way,  
Only a vagrant sobbing in the night.



## RHYME OF THE REMITTANCE MAN.

THERE'S a four-pronged buck a-swinging in the  
shadow of my cabin,

And it roamed the velvet valley till to-day;  
But I tracked it by the river, and I trailed it in  
the cover,

And I killed it on the mountain miles away.  
Now I've had my lazy supper, and the level sun  
is gleaming

On the water where the silver salmon play;  
And I light my little corn-cob, and I linger softly  
dreaming,

In the twilight, of a land that's far away.

Far away, so faint and far, is flaming London,  
fevered Paris,

That I fancy I have gained another star;  
Far away the din and hurry, far away the sin  
and worry,

Far away—God knows they cannot be too far.

## RHYME OF THE REMITTANCE MAN.

Gilded galley-slaves of Mammon—how my purse-  
proud brothers taunt me!

I might have been as well-to-do as they  
Had I clutched like them my chances, learned  
their wisdom, crushed my fancies,  
Starved my soul and gone to business every  
day.

Well, the cherry bends with blossom, and the  
vivid grass is springing,

And the star-like lily nestles in the green;  
And the frogs their joys are singing, and my  
heart in tune is ringing,

And it doesn't matter what I might have been.  
While above the scented pine-gloom, piling  
heights of golden glory,

The sun-god paints his canvas in the west;  
I can couch me deep in clover, I can listen to the  
story

Of the lazy, lapping water—it is best.

While the trout leaps in the river, and the blue  
grouse thrill the cover,

And the frozen snow betrays the panther's  
track,

And the robin greets the dayspring with the  
rapture of a lover,

I am happy, and I'll nevermore go back.

## RHYME OF THE REMITTANCE MAN.

For I know I'd just be longing for the little old  
log cabin,  
With the morning-glory clinging to the door,  
Till I loathed the city places, cursed the care on  
all the faces,  
Turned my back on lazar London evermore.

So send me far from Lombard Street, and write  
me down a failure;  
Pat a little in my purse and leave me free.  
Say: "He turned from Fortune's offering to  
follow up a pale lure,  
He is one of us no longer—let him be."  
I am one of you no longer: by the trails my feet  
have broken,  
The dizzy peaks I've scaled, the camp-fire's  
glow,  
By the lonely seas I've sailed in—yea, the final  
word is spoken,  
I am signed and sealed to nature. Be it so.

## THE LOW-DOWN WHITE.

THIS is the pay-day up at the mines, when the  
bearded brutes come down ;  
There's money to burn in the streets to-night, so  
I've sent my klooch to town,  
With a haggard face and a ribband of red en-  
twined in her hair of brown.

And I know at the dawn she'll come reeling home  
with the bottles, one, two, three ;  
One for herself to drown her shame, and two big  
bottles for me,  
To make me forget the thing I am and the man  
I used to be.

To make me forget the brand of the dog, as I  
crouch in this hideous place ;  
To make me forget once I kindled the light of  
love in a lady's face,  
Where even the squalid Siwash now holds me a  
black disgrace.



## THE LOW DOWN WHITE.

Oh, I have guarded my secret well! And who  
would dream as I speak  
In a tribal tongue, like a rogue unhung, 'mid the  
ranch-house filth and reek,  
I could roll to bed with a Latin phrase, and rise  
with a verse of Greek?

Yet I was a senior prizeman once, and the pride  
of a college eight;  
Called to the bar—my friends were true! but  
they could not keep me straight;  
Then came the divorce, and I went abroad and  
“died” on the River Plate.

But I'm not dead yet; though with half a lung  
there isn't time to spare,  
And I hope that the year will see me out, and,  
thank God, no one will care—  
Save maybe the little slim Siwash girl with the  
rose of shame in her hair.

She will come with the dawn, and the dawn is  
near; I can see its evil glow,  
Like a corpse-light seen through a frosty pane in  
a night of want and woe;  
And yonder she comes, by the bleak bull-pines,  
swift staggering through the snow.

## THE LITTLE OLD LOG CABIN.

WHEN a man gits on his uppers in a hard-pan  
sort of town,

An' he ain't got nothin' comin', an' he can't  
afford ter eat,

An' he's in a fix fer lodgin', an' he wanders up an'  
down,

An' you'd fancy he'd been boozin', he's so  
locoed 'bout the feet;

When he's feelin' sneakin' sorry, an' his belt is  
hangin' slack,

An' his face is peaked an' grey-like, an' his  
heart gits down an' whines,

Then he's apt ter git a-thinkin' an' a-wishin' he  
was back

In the little ol' log cabin in the shadder of the  
pines.

When he's on the blazin' desert, an' his canteen's  
sprung a leak,

An' he's all alone an' crazy, an' he's crawlin'  
like a snail,

An' his tongue's so black an' swollen that it  
hurts him fer to speak,

An' he gouges down fer water, an' the raven's  
on his trail;

## THE LITTLE OLD LOG CABIN.

When he's done with care and cursin', an' he feels  
more like to cry,

An' he sees ol' Death a-grinnin', an' he thinks  
upon his crimes,

Then he's like ter hev a vision, as he settles down  
ter die,

Of the little ol' log cabin an' the roses an' the  
vines.

Oh, the little ol' log cabin, it's a solemn shinin'  
mark

When a feller gits ter sinnin', an' a-goin' ter  
the wall,

An' folks don't understand him, and' he's gropin'  
in the dark,

An' he's sick of bein cursed at, an' he's longin'  
fer his call:

When the sun of life's a-sinkin' you can see it  
way above,

On the hill from out the shadder in a glory 'gin  
the sky,

An' your mother's voice is callin', an' her arms  
are stretched in love,

An' somehow you're glad you're goin', an' you  
ain't a-scared to die;

When you'll be like a kid again, an' nestle to her  
breast,

An' never leave its shelter, an' forget, an' love,  
an' rest.

## THE YOUNGER SON.

IF you leave the gloom of London and you seek  
a glowing land,

Where all except the flag is strange and new,  
There's a bronzed and stalwart fellow who will  
grip you by the hand,

And greet you with a welcome warm and true;  
For he's your younger brother, the one you sent  
away,

Because there wasn't room for him at home;  
And now he's quite contented, and he's glad he  
didn't stay,

And he's building Britain's greatness o'er the  
foam.

When the giant herd is moving at the rising of  
the sun,

And the prairie is lit with rose and gold;  
And the camp is all abustle, and the busy days  
begun,

He leaps into the saddle sure and bold.  
Through the round of heat and hurry, through  
the racket and the rout,

He rattles at a pace that nothing mars;



## THE YOUNGER SON.

And when the night-winds whisper, and camp-  
fires flicker out,

He is sleeping like a child beneath the stars.

When the wattle-blooms are drooping in the  
sombre shed-oak glade,

And the breathless land is lying in a swoon,

He leaves his work a moment, leaning lightly on  
his spade,

And he hears the bell-bird chime the Austral  
noon.

The parrakeets are silent in the gum-tree by the  
creek;

The ferny grove is sunshine-steeped and still;  
But the dew will gem the myrtle in the twilight  
ere he seek

His little lonely cabin on the hill.

Around the purple, vine-clad slope the argent  
river dreams;

The roses almost hide the house from view;

A snow-peak of the Winterberg in crimson splen-  
dor gleams;

The shadow deepens down on the karroo.

He seeks the lily-scented dusk beneath the orange  
tree;

His pipe in silence glows and fades and glows;  
And then two little maids come out and climb  
upon his knee,

And one is like the lily, one the rose.

## THE YOUNGER SON.

He sees his white sheep dapple o'er the green  
New Zealand plain,  
And where Vancouver's shaggy ramparts  
frown,  
When the sunlight threads the pine-gloom he is  
fighting might and main  
To clinch the rivets of an Empire down.  
You will find him toiling, toiling, in the south  
or in the west,  
A child of nature, fearless, frank and free;  
And the warmest heart that beats for you is beat-  
ing in his breast,  
And he sends you loyal greeting o'er the sea.

You've a brother in the Army, you've another in  
the Church;  
One of you is a diplomatic swell;  
You've had the pick of everything and left him in  
the lurch;  
And yet I think he's doing very well.  
I'm sure his life is happy, and he doesn't envy  
yours;  
I know he loves the land his pluck has won;  
And I fancy in the years unborn, while England's  
fame endures,  
She will come to bless with pride—the Younger  
Son.

## THE MARCH OF THE DEAD.

THE cruel war was over—oh, the triumph was so sweet!

We watched the troops returning, through our tears;

There was triumph, triumph, triumph down the scarlet glittering street,

And you scarce could hear the music for the cheers.

And you scarce could see the house-tops for the flags that flew between,

The bells were pealing madly to the sky;

And everyone was shouting for the Soldiers of the Queen,

And the glory of an age was passing by.

And then there came a shadow, swift and sudden, dark and drear;

The bells were silent, not an echo stirred;

The flags were drooping sullenly, the men forgot to cheer;

We waited, and we never spoke a word.

## THE MARCH OF THE DEAD.

The sky grew darker, darker, till from out the  
gloomy rack

There came a voice that checked the heart with  
dread:

“Tear down, tear down your bunting now, and  
hang up sable black;

They are coming—it’s the Army of the Dead.”

They were coming, they were coming, gaunt and  
ghastly, sad and slow;

They were coming, all the crimson wrecks of  
pride;

With faces seared, and cheeks red smeared, and  
haunting eyes of woe,

And clotted holes the khaki couldn’t hide.

Oh, the clammy brow of anguish! the livid foam-  
flecked lips!

The reeling ranks of ruin swept along!

The limb that trailed, the hand that failed, the  
bloody finger-tips!

And oh, the dreary rhythm of their song!

“They left us on the veldt-side, but we felt we  
couldn’t stop,

On this, our England’s crowning festal day;



## THE MARCH OF THE DEAD.

We're the men of Magersfontein we're the men  
of Spion Kop,

Colenso,—we're the men who had to pay.  
We're the men who paid the blood-price. Shall  
the grave be all our gain?

You owe us. Long and heavy is the score.  
Then cheer us for our glory now, and cheer us for  
our pain,

And cheer us as ye never cheered before."

The folks were white and stricken, and each  
tongue seemed weighed with lead;

Each heart was clutched in hollow hand of ice;  
And every eye was staring at the horror of the  
dead,

The pity of the men who paid the price.  
They were come, were come to mock us, in the  
first flush of our peace;

Through writhing lips their teeth were all  
agleam;

They were coming in their thousands—oh, would  
they never cease!

I closed my eyes, and then—it was a dream.

There was triumph, triumph, triumph down the  
scarlet gleaming street;

The town was mad, a man was like a boy.

## THE MARCH OF THE DEAD.

A thousand flags were flaming where the sky and  
city meet;

A thousand bells were thundering the joy.

There was music, mirth and sunshine; but some  
eyes shone with regret:

And while we stun with cheers our homing  
braves,

O God, in Thy great mercy, let us nevermore  
forget

The graves they left behind, the bitter graves.

## “FIGHTING MAC.”

### A LIFE TRAGEDY.

A PISTOL shot rings round and round the world :  
In pitiful defeat a warrior lies.  
A last defiance to dark Death is hurled.  
A last wild challenge shocks the sunlit skies.  
Alone he falls with wide, wan, woeful eyes :  
Eyes that could smile at death—could not face  
shame.

Alone, alone he paced his narrow room,  
In the bright sunshine of that Paris day ;  
Saw in his thought the awful hand of doom ;  
Saw in his dream his glory pass away ;  
Tried in his heart, his weary heart, to pray :  
“ O God ! who made me, give me strength to face  
The spectre of this bitter, black disgrace.”

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

## “FIGHTING MAC.”

The burn brawls darkly down the shaggy glen,  
The bee-kissed heather blooms around the door;  
He sees himself a barefoot boy again,  
Bending o'er page of legendary lore.  
He hears the pibroch, grips the red claymore,  
Runs with the Fiery Cross a clansman true,  
Sworn kinsman of Rob Roy and Roderick Dhu.

Eating his heart out with a wild desire,  
One day, behind his counter trim and neat,  
He hears a sound that sets his brain afire—  
The Highlanders are marching down the street.  
Oh, how the pipes shrill out the mad drums  
beat!  
“On to the gates of Hell, my Gordons gay!”  
He flings his hated yardstick far away.

He sees the sullen pass, high-crowned with snow,  
Where Afghans cower with eyes of gleaming  
hate.  
He hurls himself against the hidden foe.  
They try to rally—ah, too late, too late!  
Again, defenceless, with fierce eyes that wait  
For death, he stands, like baited bull at bay,  
And flouts the Boers, that mad Majuba day.



## “FIGHTING MAC.”

He sees again the murderous Soudan,  
Blood-slaked and rapine swept. He seems to  
stand

Upon the gory plain of Omdurman.

Then Magersfontein, and supreme command  
Over his Highlanders. To shake his hand  
A King is proud, and princes call him friend,  
And glory crowns his life—and now the end,

The awful end. His eyes are dark with doom;  
He hears the shrapnel shrieking overhead;  
He sees the ravaged ranks, the flame-stabbed  
gloom.

Oh, to have fallen! the battle-field his bed,  
With Wauchope and his glorious brother-dead.  
Why was he saved for this, for this? And now  
He raises the revolver to his brow.

\* \* \* \* \*

In many a Highland home, framed with rude art,  
You'll find his portrait, rough-hewn, stern and  
square:

It's graven in the Fuyam fellah's heart;  
The Ghurka reads it at his evening prayer;  
The raw lands know it, where the fierce suns  
glare;

The Dervish fears it. Honor to his name,  
Who holds aloft the shield of England's fame.

## **“FIGHTING MAC.”**

Mourn for our hero, men of Northern race!

We do not know his sin; we only know  
His sword was keen. He laughed death in the  
face,

And struck for Empire's sake, a giant blow.

His arm was strong. Ah! well they learnt,  
the foe.

The echo of his deeds is ringing yet,

Will ring for aye. All else . . . let us forget.

## THE WOMAN AND THE ANGEL.

AN angel was tired of heaven, as he lounged in  
the golden street;  
His halo was tilted sideways, and his harp lay  
mute at his feet;  
So the Master stooped in His pity, and gave him  
a pass to go,  
For the space of a moon to the earth-world, to  
mix with the men below.

He doffed his celestial garments, scarce waiting  
to lay them straight;  
He bade good-bye to Peter, who stood by the  
golden gate;  
The sexless singers of heaven chanted a fond  
farewell,  
And the imps looked up as they pattered on the  
red-hot flags of hell.

## THE WOMAN AND THE ANGEL.

Never was seen such an angel: eyes of a heavenly  
blue,  
Features that shamed Apollo, hair of a golden  
hue;  
The women simply adored him, his lips were like  
Cupid's bow;  
But he never ventured to use them—and so they  
voted him slow.

Till at last there came One Woman, a marvel of  
loveliness,  
And she whispered to him: "Do you love me?"  
And he answered that woman, "Yes."  
And she said: "Put your arms around me, and  
kiss me, and hold me—so—"  
But fiercely he drew back, saying: "This thing  
is wrong, and I know."

Then sweetly she mocked his scruples, and softly  
she him beguiled:  
"You, who are verily man among men, speak  
with the tongue of a child.  
We have outlived the old standards; we have  
burst, like an over-tight thong,  
The ancient, outworn, puritanic traditions of  
Right and Wrong."

## THE WOMAN AND THE ANGEL.

Then the Master feared for His angel, and called  
him again to His side,  
For oh, the woman was wondrous, and oh, the  
angel was tried.  
And deep in his hell sang the Devil, and this was  
the strain of his song:  
“The ancient, outworn, puritanic traditions of  
Right and Wrong.”



## THE RHYME OF THE RESTLESS ONES.

WE couldn't sit and study for the law;  
The stagnation of a bank we couldn't stand;  
For our riot blood was surging, and we didn't  
    need much urging  
To excitements and excesses that are banned.

So we took to wine and drink and other things,  
And the devil in us struggled to be free;  
Till our friends rose up in wrath, and they  
    pointed out the path,  
And they paid our debts and packed us o'er the  
    sea.

Oh, they shook us off and shipped us o'er the  
    foam,  
To the larger lands that lure a man to roam;  
And we took the chance they gave  
    Of a far and foreign grave,  
And we bade good-bye for evermore to home.

## THE RHYME OF THE RESTLESS ONES.

And some of us are climbing on the peak,  
And some of us are camping on the plain;  
By pine and palm you'll find us, with never claim  
to bind us,  
By track and trail you'll meet us once again.

We are fated serfs to freedom—sky and sea;  
We have failed where slummy cities overflow;  
But the stranger ways of earth know our pride  
and know our worth,  
And we go into the dark as fighters go.

Yes, we go into the night as brave men go,  
Though our faces they be often streaked with  
woe;  
Yet we're hard as cats to kill,  
And our hearts are reckless still,  
And we've danced with death a dozen times or so.

And you'll find us in Alaska after gold,  
And you'll find us herding cattle in the South.  
We like strong drink and fun; and when the race  
is run,  
We often die with curses in our mouth.

## THE RHYME OF THE RESTLESS ONES.

We are wild as colts unbroke, but never mean;  
Of our sins we've shoulders broad to bear the  
blame;  
But we'll never stay in town, and we'll never  
settle down,  
And we'll never have an object or an aim.

No, there's that in us that time can never tame;  
And life will always seem a careless game;  
And they'd better far forget—  
Those who say they love us yet—  
Forget, blot out with bitterness our name.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE.

IT'S cruel cold on the water-front, silent and dark  
and drear ;

Only the black tide weltering, only the hissing  
snow ;

And I, alone, like a storm-tossed wreck, on this  
night of the glad New Year,

Shuffling along in the icy wind, ghastly and  
gaunt and slow.

They're playing a tune in McGuffy's saloon, and  
it's cheery and bright in there

(God! but I'm weak—since the bitter dawn,  
and never a bite of food) ;

I'll just go over and slip inside—I mustn't give  
way to despair—

Perhaps I can bum a little booze if the boys  
are feeling good.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE.

They'll jeer at me, and they'll sneer at me, and  
they'll call me a whiskey soak;

("Have a drink? Well, thankee kindly, sir, I  
don't mind if I do.")

A drivelling, dirty gin-joint fiend, the butt of the  
bar-room joke;

Sunk and sodden and hopeless—"Another?  
Well, here's to you!"

McGuffy is showing a bunch of the boys how Bob  
Fitzsimmons hit;

The barman is talking of Tammany Hall, and  
why the ward boss got fired;

I'll just sneak into a corner, and they'll let me  
alone a bit;

The room is reeling round and round . . . O  
God, but I'm tired, I'm tired. . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

Roses she wore on her breast that night. Oh,  
but their scent was sweet;

Alone we sat on the balcony, and the fan-palms  
arched above;

The witching strain of a waltz by Strauss came  
up to our cool retreat,

And I prisoned her little hand in mine, and I  
whispered my plea of love.



## NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Then sudden the laughter died on her lips, and  
lowly she bent her head;  
And oh, there came in the deep, dark eyes a  
look that was heaven to see;  
And the moments went, and I waited there, and  
never a word was said,  
And she plucked from her bosom a rose of red,  
and shyly gave it to me.

Then the music swelled to a crash of joy, and the  
lights blazed up like day;  
And I held her fast to my throbbing heart, and  
I kissed her bonny brow;  
“She is mine, she is mine for evermore!” the  
violin’s seemed to say,  
And the bells were ringing the New Year in—  
O God! I can hear them now.

Don’t you remember that long, last waltz, with  
its sobbing, sad refrain?  
Don’t you remember that last good-bye, and  
the dear eyes dim with tears?  
Don’t you remember that golden dream, with  
never a hint of pain,  
Of lives that would blend like an angel-song in  
the bliss of the coming years?

## NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Oh, what have I lost! What have I lost! Ethel,  
forgive, forgive!

The red, red rose is faded now, and it's fifty  
years ago.

'Twere better to die a thousand deaths than live  
each day as I live!

I have sinned, I have sunk to the lowest depths  
—but oh, I have suffered so!

Hark! Oh hark! I can hear the bells! . . .

Look! I can see her there,

Fair as a dream . . . but it fades . . . And  
now—I can hear the dreadful hum

Of the crowded court . . . See! the Judge looks  
down . . . NOT GUILTY, my Lord, I  
swear . . .

The bells, I can hear the bells again . . . Ethel,  
I come, I come! . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

“Rouse up, old man, it's twelve o'clock. You  
can't sleep here, you know.

Say! ain't you got no sentiment? Lift up  
your muddled head;

Have a drink to the glad New Year, a drop before  
you go—

You darned old dirty hobo . . . My God!  
Here, boys! He's DEAD!”

## COMFORT.

SAY! You've struck a heap of trouble—  
Bust in business, lost your wife;  
No one cares a cent about you,  
You don't care a cent for life;  
Hard luck has of hope bereft you,  
Health is failing, wish you'd die—  
Why, you've still the sunshine left you,  
And the big blue sky.

Sky so blue it makes you wonder  
If it's heaven shining through;  
Earth so smiling 'way out yonder,  
Sun so bright it dazzles you;  
Birds a-singing, flowers a-flinging  
All their fragrance on the breeze;  
Dancing shadows, green, still meadows—  
Don't you mope, you've still got these.

## COMFORT.

These, and none can take them from you ;  
These, and none can weigh their worth.  
What! you're tired and broke and beaten?—  
Why, you're rich—you've got the earth!  
Yes, if you're a tramp in tatters,  
While the blue sky bends above,  
You've got nearly all that matters,  
You've got God, and God is love.

## PREMONITION.

'Twas a year ago and the moon was bright  
    (Oh, I remember so well, so well),  
I walked with my love in a sea of light,  
    And the voice of my sweet was a silver bell.

And sudden the moon grew strangely dull,  
    And sudden my love had taken wing;  
I looked on the face of a grinning skull,  
    I strained to my heart a ghastly thing.

'Twas but fantasy, for my love lay still  
    In my arms with her tender eyes aglow,  
And she wondered why my lips were chill,  
    Why I was silent and kissed her so.

A year has gone and the moon is bright,  
    A gibbous moon like a ghost of woe:  
I sit by a new-made grave to-night,  
    And my heart is broken—it's strange, you  
    know.



## THE TRAMPS.

CAN you recall, dear comrade, when we tramped  
God's land together,  
And we sang the old, old Earth-song, for our  
youth was very sweet;  
When we drank and fought and lusted, as we  
mocked at tie and tether,  
Along the road to Anywhere, the wide world at  
our feet.

Along the road to Anywhere, when each day had  
its story;  
When time was yet our vassal, and life's jest  
was still unstale;  
When peace unfathomed filled our hearts as,  
bathed in amber glory,  
Along the road to anywhere we watched the  
sunsets pale.

Alas! the road to Anywhere is pitfalled with  
disaster;  
There's hunger, want, and weariness, yet O we  
loved it so!

## THE TRAMPS.

As on we tramped exultantly, and no man was  
our master,  
And no man guessed what dreams were ours,  
as swinging heel and toe,  
We tramped the road to Anywhere, the magic  
road to Anywhere,  
The tragic road to Anywhere such dear, dim  
years ago.

## L'ENVOI.

*You who have lived in the Land,  
You who have trusted the trail;  
You who are strong to withstand,  
You who are swift to assail;  
Songs have I sung to beguile,  
Vintage of desperate years  
Hard as a harlot's smile,  
Bitter as unshed tears.*

*Little of joy or mirth,  
Little of ease I sing;  
Sagas of men of earth,  
Humanly suffering,  
Such as you all have done;  
Savagely faring forth,  
Sons of the midnight sun,  
Argonauts of the North.*

## L'ENVOI.

*Far in the land God forgot  
Glimmers the lure of your trail;  
Still in your lust are you taught  
Even to win is to fail.  
Still must you follow and fight  
Under the vampire wing;  
There in the long, long night  
Hoping and vanquishing.*

*Husbandmen of the Wild,  
Reaping a barren gain;  
Scourged by desire, reconciled  
Unto disaster and pain;  
These my songs are for you,  
You who are seared with the brand;  
God knows I have tried to be true;  
Please God you will understand.*













**Q**

Could you please tell me something about Robert Service, the poet? •

Helen Sofos, Toronto.

**A**

*A bunch of the boys were whooping it  
up in the Malamute saloon;  
The kid that handles the music-box was  
hitting a jag-time tune;  
Back of the bar, in a solo game, sat  
Dangerous Dan McGrew,  
And watching his luck was his light-o'-  
love, the lady that's known as Lou.*

That's the opening verse of The Shooting Of Dan McGrew, probably the most famous of the many poem-ballads of Robert William Service, known far and wide as The Poet Of The Yukon and sometimes The Canadian Kipling. Dan McGrew was published in 1907 as part of Service's first collection, Songs Of A Sourdough.

Born in Preston, England, Service was the son of a banker. The family moved to Glasgow, Scotland when he was very young; at 14, he quit school to work for the Commercial Bank of Scotland as a clerk. At 20, infected with wanderlust, he set sail for Canada, arriving with no more than \$5. He headed west by train, financing his trip by selling his clothing and equipment. He worked at odd jobs such as lumberjacking, picking weeds and helping farmers, and continued his nomadic life up and down the West Coast until 1902, when he joined the Canadian Bank of Commerce in Victoria as a clerk for \$50 a month. Two years later he was transferred to Whitehorse in the Yukon.

In his autobiography, Ploughman Of some of his poems to the Whitehorse Star and a few were published. Then the editor asked him to write something about the Yukon's way of life for an

incoming church concert. Service rolled around Whitehorse, thinking. It was a Saturday night, and from the various bars I heard sounds of revelry. The line popped into my mind: 'A bunch of the boys were whooping it up', and it stuck there." He completed the ballad, but the church's minister declared it a bit racy and it was filed away in a drawer.

Two years later, transferred to Dawson, Service mailed McGrew and several other ballads of the North to a publisher

to be printed at his own expense for Christmas gifts. The publisher was so delighted with them that Songs Of A Sourdough was soon in print and Service was on his way. He retired to a cabin and wrote his first novel, The Trail Of '98: A Northland Romance. After it came out in 1911, another hit, he left the Yukon and Canada.

Shortly before the First World War he bought a house in Brittany and called it Dream Haven. For the rest of his long life, during which he continued to write both ballads and novels, this was his home base, although he lived in other parts of France, in Tahiti and England. He twice spent time in Hollywood working in the film industry. During his travels he was usually accompanied by his wife Germaine, whom he married in 1913. They had one daughter.

Service died at 84 in 1958 in Lancieux, France at his beloved Dream Haven.

*April 1943  
The Canadian  
Magazine*



